

of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene & Children, are even now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they haue approued their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (mis)ingly noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I haue considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice, which looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnspcakable estate.

Cam. I haue heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue some question with the shepheard; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not vnease to get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. Prethe be my prent partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selues. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolycus singing.
When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,
For the red blood rains in wint'ers pale.

The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:
Dorb set my pagging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.

The Lark, that tirra-Lyra chaunts,
With heigh, the Thrush and the Jay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunt,
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I haue seru'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of seruice.

But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)
The pale Moone shines by night:
And when I wander here and there
I then do most go right.
If Tinkers may haue leane to line,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may giue,
and in the Stockes anouch-it.

My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolycus*, who be-

ing (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a snapper-up of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuennew is the silly Cheate, Gallows, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee: For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Let me see, every Leauen-weather todde, every tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fiftene hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the springe hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clow. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice: What will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee hath made me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the shee-rers (three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puttitan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to home-pipes, I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace-Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seven; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Four pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reylons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne.

Clow. I'th name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these ragges; and then, death, death.

Clow. Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more raggs to lay on thee, rather then haue these off.

Aut. Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend mee, more then the stripes I haue receiued, which are mightie ones and millions.

Clow. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparel tane from me, and these drestable things put vpon me.

Clow. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

Clow. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this bee a horsemans Coate, it hath seene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

Clow. Alas poore soule.

Aut. Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my shoulder-blade is out.

Clow. How now? Canst stand?

Aut. Softly, deere sir: good sir, softly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Clow. Doe'st lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I haue a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, vnto whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a seruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

Clow. His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir). I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-seruer (a Bayliffe) then hee compact a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne over many knauish professions) he settled onely in Rogue: some call him *Autolycus*.

Clow. Out vpon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings.

Aut. Very true sir: he sir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Clow. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'd haue runne.

Aut. I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Clow. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walke: I will euen take my leaue of you, & pace softly towards my Kinsmans.

Clow. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

Clow. Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice: Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the shee-rers proue sheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. *Top-on, Jog-on, the foot-path way,*

And merrily bent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Tour sad yres in a Mile-a. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Adonis, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolycus.

Flo. These your vnusuall weeds, to each part of you Do's giue a life: no Shepherdesse, but *Flora* Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing, Is as a meeting of the petty Gods, And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord, To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me: (Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe The gracious marke o'th Land, you haue obscur'd With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide) Most Goddesse-like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts Ineuery Messe, haue folly; and the Feeders Digest with a Custome, I should blush To see you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke, To shew my selfe a glasse.

Flo. I blesse the time: When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now Ioue afford you cause: To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse

Hath not bene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble To thinke your Father, by some accident Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates, How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble, Vildely bound vp? What would he say? Or how Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold The sternnesse of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themselues (Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Iupiter, Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd God Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine, As I seeme now. Their transformations, Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer, Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd (as it must be) by th' powre of the King: One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speake, that you must change this pur- Or I my life. (poie)

Flo. Thou deer'st *Perdita*,

With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not The Mirth o'th Feast: Or Ile be thine (my Faire) Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine. To this I am most constant, Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle) Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing That you behold the while. Your guests are coming: Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptiall, which We two haue sworne shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,

Stand you auspicious.

Flo. See, your Guests approach, Addresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke, Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all, Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle: On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it: She would to each one sip. You are retyred, As if you were a feasted one: and not The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid These vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne. Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe That which you are, Mistris o'th Feast. Come on, And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing, As your good flocke shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:

It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee The Hostessehip o'th day: you're welcome sir. Giue me those Flowres there (*Dorcas*) Reuerend Sirs, For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, thide keepe Seeming, and fauour all the Winter long: Grace, and Remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our Shearing.

B b 2

Pol.